

# CRALIST

MARY WASHINGTON  
COLLEGE

•  
SPRING 1963

# EPAULET

MARY WASHINGTON COLLEGE

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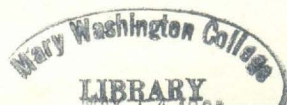
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## A LETTER TO THE STUDENT BODY

Are you creative? "No," you answer immediately and emphatically. "I've never written anything or drawn a picture." Well, so you haven't. Why not? Because you're not "creative"? Writing and painting are not the only types of creativity. The ability to feel and to live life to the fullest by seeing all its meaning and beauty—this is creativity. Remember looking at the snow-covered campus and thinking how beautiful it was, how soft, peaceful, and full of intangible meaning? And then your thoughts turned away; tomorrow's test usurped the thoughts inspired by the snow. But for that brief moment you stood at the threshold of creativity.

Why did you suppress that spark of spontaneity? Why didn't you encourage it to flame? If you had, you would have found that it is not necessary to find verbal expression to capture such a moment. These moments of inspiration are rare; dwell on them until their full significance is realized. Then you have attained a level of creativity. And by your resulting realization of the value and importance of such moments you will have acquired also a deeper understanding and appreciation of the creativity of others—others who have progressed one step further, expressed their feelings in words and are therefore able to share them with you. Just as you must accept your responsibility to recognize and respond to your moments of inspiration, somehow expressing them meaningfully, so must you accept your responsibility to seek the creativity of others, both to share their experiences and to develop indirectly in yourself the interest and initiative of creative expression.

To aid you in fulfilling this responsibility, we of *The Epaulet* present to you our spring issue.

*Janet Garofall—Editor 1964*

*Alex Riddleberger—Editor 1963*



## ELEVATOR

"GOING DOWN."

"Damn these elevators! I despise having to ride cramped in with all these hot smelly people. I doubt if some of 'em ever take baths.

"Chris! Imagine meeting you here, of all places! And after all these months too! Well, of course I KNEW you were in the City, but you know me, the days go by, and I never seem to get a thing done. How ARE you? Now, tell me all about yourself. Why, just the other night we were talking about you, Jim and I, after a simply fantastic party we threw. I meant to call you and ask you to come out—you would have loved it—but by the time I got around to it, it was too late, and I just KNEW you'd be busy. It was really great, though, just like the old days, BEFORE Jim and I had the kids. Where were they? We sent Billy to summer camp—he was dying to go, and at least he's out of my hair for eight weeks, and mother took the baby. No, she loves to have her. It's like being able to start over on a new little girl, and not make the same mistakes twice. You know how mother is, never satisfied.

"But you'll NEVER believe who turned up! Remember that guy from Penn State, the one I snaked from you our Junior year? Well, of COURSE you were through with him, dear. Would I have dated him if you hadn't been?"

"SIXTH FLOOR."

"Anyway, he and his wife . . . can you believe HE ever got married? It's a pity to waste all that talent on one woman, not that he does, of course. Now, where was I? Oh, well, he and his wife moved in up the street from us three weeks ago, so now he commutes with Jim. In some sort of insurance, he told me—I don't really remember. Anyway, they were there, and we had the best time renewing old acquaintance. Poor Jim was absolutely furious, but he's so silly!"

"FIFTH FLOOR."

"All these animals, pushing and shoving. No manners or breeding. God damn it! If we weren't so crowded, I'd turn around and give that guy a good swift kick. Who does he think he is, anyway!"

"Tell me now, Chris, where are you headed? Were you getting out here? Let's have lunch together. I feel just awful about neglecting you. But why didn't you call ME? You really should have. I'd hate to let our friendship slip after so many close years."

#### "FOURTH FLOOR."

"C'mon, let's get out of this torture machine. The tea room's on this floor, and it's not too bad, if you can stomach those nauseating little sandwiches they serve. No liquor, of course, but then alcohol might distort the image of the all-American wife and mother.

"Out please. Coming out. Hey! Wait a minute! We wanted to get off! That stupid ass! Look at him. He won't even turn around and apologize. Just stands there with his back turned, as if he were God Almighty, or somebody.

"At least there's a little more room now.

"As long as we're down here, we might as well stop on the second floor for a minute. I've got to make an appointment to have my hair done, and to get a facial. I come in for one every week. It gives me a lift, and takes my mind off that tedious suburban living. How I envy you your exciting life, working with all those fascinating books! Don't you just love it? Not that I'd trade my Jim and the kids for anything."

#### "THIRD FLOOR."

"Look out where you're going, you clumsy fool! Can't people see where they're going? Sometimes I think that everybody in the world is going blind. And no manners at all! Why, just the other day, I was shopping, here in this very store, and I had intended to buy a black slip. Well, when I tried to use my charge account, that miserable salesgirl went out of her way to be insulting! What did she do? She told me that the credit office had closed my account because I hadn't paid my bill yet. And even when I TOLD her that the check was in the mail—the whole affair was utterly ridiculous—she kept right on saying that she had her instructions. You know how these unimaginative little sluts are—"

#### "SECOND FLOOR."

"Thank God! C'mon Chris, let's get out here. You go ahead, and I'll follow. Seems like everyone is getting off here.



"Stop! This is the last straw! I want to get out too! Open these doors at once! You let everybody else out; I want to get off too! What's the matter with you, you stupid operator! Don't you know your job? You're just a robot—you're SUPPOSED to follow orders!

You've speeded up. My God, we'll crash! Still going down. STOP! Oh, I can't stand this any more. Please, please let me out! Why me? Why not all those other people, why just ME?

Pressure in my ears. Swallow. That's supposed to help. No good. Still dropping! What's that roaring?

Don't lose control. DON'T LOSE CONTROL! I'm not going to scream. No, I can't. I've got to stay reasonable. What could possibly happen to me in a department store? In two seconds we'll reach the street floor, and there'll be people and lights and noise.

No. No, wait a minute. I'm dreaming all this. I'll wake up, and everything will be . . ."

"FIRST FLOOR."

"It's over. When the doors slide open, I'll be o.k. I'm going to report you for this, you incompetent idiot! You wait and see if I don't!"

The doors opened, and she looked out into an eternity of nothingness. The ground at her feet was hard and grey, exactly like the sky overhead. Both shone with a leaden metallic glow, giving off the only light that illuminated the dead landscape.

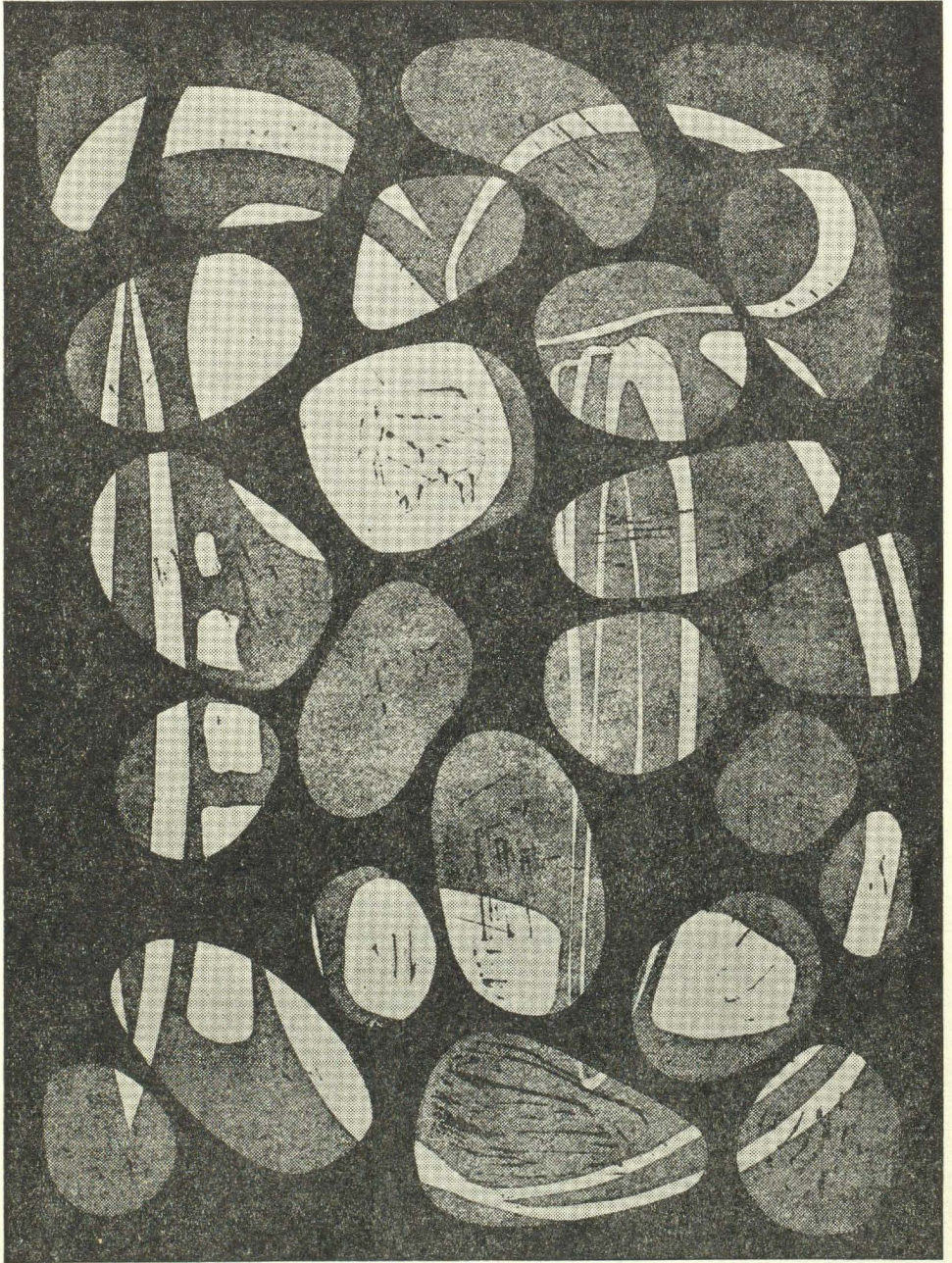
A scream tore at her throat and escaped into the silence, sending back a thousand mocking echoes. The elevator operator turned and looked at her. She stared, horrified, at his face, painfully normal in every respect except—there were no eyes, just a blank expanse of smooth skin! She did not know that her only existence was to be here, in this empty place. She would never return to the world of real people.

She stepped out into the greyness and heard the doors slam shut behind her. "Strange," she thought, "But I don't feel any difference."

And she began to wander aimlessly across the barren plain, smiling softly to herself.

*Cynthia Whitaker*





*Betsy Evans*



## RITUAL

*A bizarre ritual of  
bowing knees  
to  
golden crosses  
And men wearing  
long robes  
and  
reading from a sacred book  
Mankind's twisted attempt  
to explain  
what  
cannot be explained  
And ten easy steps  
to salvation  
Are professed by  
Joe Blow  
who  
knocks his girl up  
in the back seat  
and marries her in the  
nearest Church—  
Hair slicked—face shining—  
eyes on that golden cross  
and  
a voice singing a loud song  
to the stained glass window  
in memory of our beloved mother.*

*Smiling Joe Blow lies dying  
dragging after him  
man's bizarre ritual  
into those pearly gates  
of the sweet bye and bye  
leaving behind bowing men  
before  
golden  
crosses.*

*Maybe the pillar of fire  
is poetic justice—  
gold  
melts  
you  
know.*

## ERASMUS

*Yes, Erasmus, old boy,*

*In Praise of Folly*

*and*

*madness*

*Tis a cool life*

*of folly and madness*

*that I lead.*

*Reasoning doesn't rock, man,*

*It*

*loses itself in the eyes of the eyeless*

*and*

*freezes in this icy war*

*and*

*starves with the hunger of the hungry*

*and*

*Madness is my invisible shield, man,*

*and*

*Folly is my dirty freedom.*

## EXISTENCE

*Write your name*

*on a piece of paper*

*Write large*

*and*

*When the black rock*

*Rolls over your thoughts*

*Take out the paper*

*read your name*

*and*

*Know that you exist.*



## DAPHNE

*Daphne—*

*A lovely girl, a lovely shining girl,*

*Your leaves shine*

*Your limbs are long*

*Your trunk is shaped*

*But rough and twisted—*

*Your leaves will fall*

*And the shine disappear.*

*It is autumn*

*And lovely girl, lovely shining girl,*

*The snow will come*

*And put out the light.*

*Beg for help—*

*Apollo?*

*A nice young man—good family—*

*He's nowhere to hear.*

*The snow will muffle your soft moans*

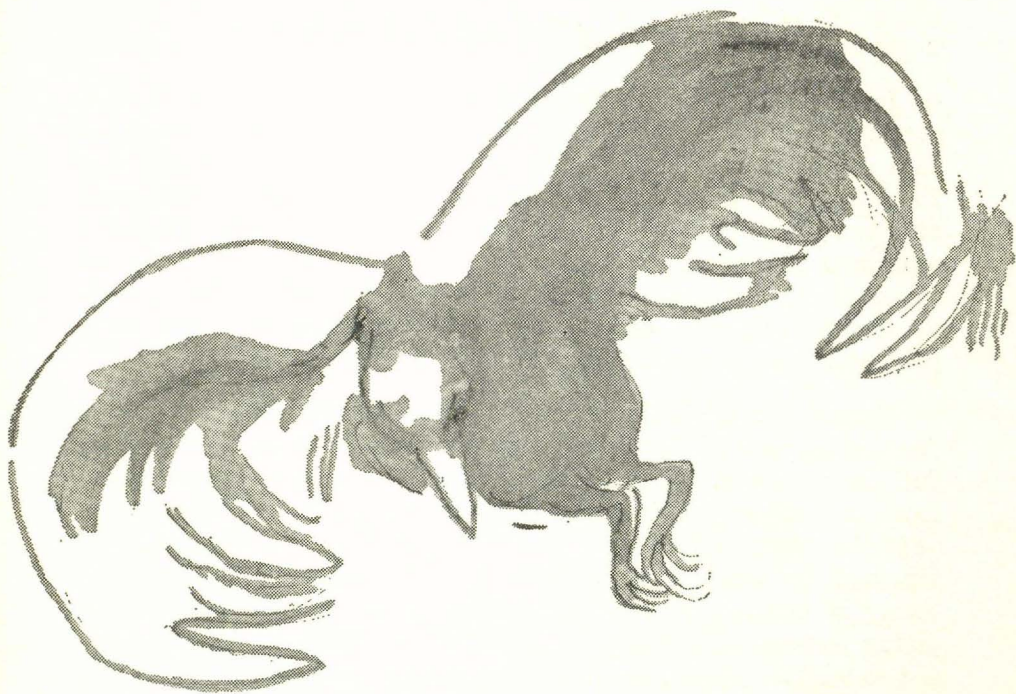
*To white silence.*

*Apollo?*

*It happens in the best of families,*

*Lovely shining girl—*

*He's nowhere to be found.*



*Jolie Duesberry*

## APPLE CORE—BALTIMORE

*Apple Core—Baltimore!*  
Get happy  
Let black mud ooze between your toes  
Let your voice shout at the day  
Dance with your bare legs  
Run with your crazy feet  
Feel the cool air shake your hand  
Feel the warm sun fill your throat  
With sunny sounds  
Hear the wind play its wild guitar,  
Apple Core—Baltimore!  
Lift your soul, hang it on the highest tree  
And watch it  
make love  
to the world.

*Natalie Pope*



## On Re-reading *Take a Girl Like You*

In all of his novels, Kingsley Amis blends biting satire of conventions and institutions with curiously sentimental resolutions. This is as true of *Take a Girl Like You* as it is of *Lucky Jim* and *Two Can Play*. In each of these novels, the small intellectual community of the English town and the position of the sensitive young man who has education but lacks the wealth of family tradition so necessary to success is shown to be intolerable. For Amis's heroes, the only way out of such a situation is an often farcically presented protest against moral or social conventions.

Patrick Standish, the hero of *Take a Girl Like You*, shows his frustration toward the college community by turning his attention, full force, to sex. Here, at least, he can use his brains and good looks to conquer the female. Yet, when he encounters the twenty-year-old Jenny Bunn who has come fresh from the north of England to teach school, Patrick finds increased frustrations. Jenny is confronted with a problem which faces most modern young women of her age. Attacked on all fronts by eligible and not-so-eligible young, or not-so-young men, she clings to her virginity and her dreams of happy married life in an ivy-covered cottage. She succeeds relatively well at keeping the wolf at the door and out of the bedroom until Patrick comes along. A tug-of-war between the two ensues, with Patrick finally ceasing his persuasions and simply taking what he wants at a drunken orgy when Jenny is only vaguely aware of what is happening and is totally unable to protest.

Unbelievable as it may seem to the readers, the result of the whole conflict is a change for the better in the attitudes of both Patrick and Jenny. He loves her and one is given to understand that a very meaningful relationship between the two has developed, and will continue to do so. Jenny realizes that her dreams of sex and the white picket fence were unrealistic and, with surprising maturity, she accepts her non-virginity as something which had to happen, for she is no special creature, and is glad that Patrick, whom she loves, is her lover. She abandons the middleclass values of love, sex, and marriage, and meets her future with less rigid attitudes. Jenny sees that she can no longer proudly wear her virginity like a circle pin on her collar, so she decides to enjoy herself and leave the future to the future.

Several other characters in the book also shed their old ways and are brought to greater self-knowledge. One of these, Mrs.

Thompson, who owns the house in which Jenny boards, finally leaves her husband, a dull, money-grubbing man who is not above making a drunken pass at Jenny and losing his glasses in the attempt. Anna LePage, another roomer at the Thompson's, is a transplanted French girl who has mastered the English language extraordinarily well. Taking an interest in modern art and all things which proclaim her freedom from traditional values, Anna has not only had affairs with Patrick and others, but also boasts of an incestuous relationship between herself and her father. She also makes several attempts to seduce the lovely Jenny, which end in her being shooed out of the room by an indignant Miss Bunn, who regards Anna's intentions as nasty and perverted. Jenny has enough problems keeping the men away; she doesn't need any Lesbian friends.

At the end of the book, the drunken orgy has its effects upon Anna, as well as Jenny. The Frenchwoman turns out to be an English girl from Guernsey, the daughter of a man in the tomato business. Most of her stories have been no more than just that. Like Anna, Jenny and Patrick, most of Mr. Amis's people are caught in a society which emphasizes traditional values which are no longer practical and realistic. All squirm in the conflict between that which society demands of them and that which they desire. There is no answer to the problem. Each finds his own way. Anna hides behind assumed personalities which give her courage; Jenny accepts middle-class morality but learns to reject it when love must be sacrificed. Patrick and Jim Dixon of *Lucky Jim* are helped in their struggle against the provincial college by such spirited young women as Jenny and Christine. If they survive and find meaning in life, it may well be because for them "Luck is a Lady."

Susan Jonas



## YOU, GOOD NATURED, HELD THIS MIRROR

*You, good natured, held this mirror  
While from baby dew  
In varied years she grew  
banking many hedges, cream veils  
for dancing a solitary selfdance before you.  
on its stage grown ugly  
she saw!  
not me!*

*She was and had . . . because  
Because of them, she said.  
She lived winged inside and  
took no claim of body doings  
She dreamed a satisfactory world  
Safe from rough and bumps  
where she was queen  
And no one could know  
but in her heart she reigned, supremely  
Alone.*

*A nature spirit crushed by a winter race  
the others, strangers to her pastel face.  
In her fledgling stretch of morning strength one day  
She dared to leave the straw that chaffed  
She'd fly to that which made her  
unique and special daughter  
And when she pushed over for a leaning look  
to see  
! the world was mighty bigger  
busily like she'd never dreamed  
Her shallow self songs held up in no day  
she lived in it  
With head wingbent  
she'd cry  
—Why me, and where?  
what all was she to be full fair?  
A graceful dove—  
an earth-bound waddle duck—  
or warm feathered peep tender  
And who for! thank God, now  
Mirror man, I see  
past mirrors  
you.*

*Judith Burkholder*



## **"... BUT WHERE IS THE GLEAM?"**

*I am a sea-shell  
the sea sweeps around me washing  
me shiny-clean.*

*Life ebbs and flows  
Love runs with the tide  
and here is my shell.*

*Picked up, hurled forward on the wave  
Deposited on the sand  
the shell waits the sea's return.*

*Reaching with fingers of foam  
the wave catches and holds  
bubbling and shining out to sea.*

*Once again in crystal shallows  
A child's feet on the sand  
chubby fists in the water searching*

*A bright shell he sees  
Clasps it laughingly.  
But where is its gleam?*

*In the warm-cool water . . .  
His bucket will carry both  
home with joy.*

*Peggy Hall*

## They Do Not Win

Alan Sillitoe is a young Briton who is a member of that international group of young writers known as "angry" young men. Like the others who are representative of this group, his aim is to reveal a particular way of life and then to rail, in his case rather objectively, against the forces that have brought it into being.

Sillitoe's concern in two of his main works, "*The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*" and *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, is with the problems of the working class, and he specifically cites the working class in the Nottingham District of England to illustrate his ideas. He was born in this district and was himself a member of the working class for a time, and it is evident in everything he writes that he is describing a way of life with which he is well acquainted. The resultant picture of the working class in "*The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*" and *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* is frank and straightforward and presents a truth that is so familiar with such a milieu. He must inevitably be struck not merely by the characters' amoral attitudes and unrelenting rebelliousness, but also by their utterly illusionless attitudes towards themselves.

By his presentation of the swiftly moving thoughts of his heroes, Sillitoe reveals his own particular attitudes towards the society of which he writes. Through the young men, Smith of "*The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*" and Arthur Seaton of *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, he expresses his dissatisfaction with the conditions under which his heroes survive a day-to-day, animal-like existence.

He lashes out at those whom Smith calls "them"; the Tory government officials mouthing meaningless words, the pompous governor of the boys' reformatory to which Smith is sent, and the "Hitler-faced" cop who is the unrelenting Javert of the worker. These "dead" men, these so-called leaders and protectors of the nation are, Sillitoe insists, the real enemy. It is not the foreigner on the battlefield who is to be feared but the politician who puts the rifle into the hands of the common man, forcing him to fight for petty and worthless reasons. Thus his heroes Smith and Arthur Seaton both hold a low opinion of the army; patriotism is a joke to them. They are too concerned with attempting to survive in the horror house of a world in which they have no voice.

"Cunning is what counts in this life and even that you've got to use in the slyest way you can;" this might well be the motto of Sillitoe and his heroes. To remain true to himself the worker must constantly be on his guard against those who are relentlessly seeking to take away the one thing sacred to him—his individuality. Smith of "*The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*" will run the race for the governor and his "pot-bellied" friends, but he will not win because he refuses to become a complete vassal to "them" and because he is Sillitoe's representative of a class which can never win, regardless of how fast or hard they run.

Patricia Lane





Abigale Donald

# Life...

it begins  
thin  
a single  
drop  
a splot  
    it goes  
        slow  
    moseys  
        slowly  
the fat splat  
    of the hollow  
        drops  
    trickles  
        dripples  
            echoes  
breaks the steep  
    deep old moss  
    grey green  
        silence of  
        the woods  
like a child at play it leaps  
    then creeps  
        over rocks  
            and pebbles around bends  
and down it goes  
            and grows again  
                and some  
it sparkles and bubblesbouncing doubles  
    rushes  
        falls  
    gushes  
        has a ball  
            it shocks over rocks and  
                curls in swirls  
            it whirls  
tripping skipping jumping bumping  
    tumbling  
        bumbling stumbling  
it rushes in gushes  
    surges forward  
    blends mends bends and sends  
        onward downward  
            outward



further in out around about  
     it jumps  
     and sprays  
         catches sun  
             rays  
     bubbles  
         of trouble it  
         roars  
         down  
         the falls  
 carrying pebbles and rocks  
         circling in knots it  
     pushes on rapidly gone  
 it goes  
     and grows falls over upon  
         the bottom and end of the rushing  
             fall and  
 glides  
     sweet and steep and wide and deep and almost awake  
     but half asleep  
         quiet without riot but for the noise  
             of the birds  
 with new poise  
     it rides and glides and slides in knots  
     over the banking rots  
         through the moss the gloss  
         goes  
             and slows  
             and grows  
     and knows its age  
         it is sage quiet and deep  
 it sleeps and creeps  
         and gurgles around and down  
         to the sea to the sea to be  
     to rush and bounce  
         and surge and  
             jounce  
 once more  
     to break and return  
         to crash on every shore  
     to be young again and old forevermore  
         to be  
         the sea

Susan Cortes

## Peanut Butter Summer

Sand . . . and sea . . . peanut butter sandwiches . . . two tow-head tots. Shells . . . seaweed . . . crab nets too big for little boys to handle . . . summer sun and breaking waves.

They are almost mine for eight weeks—milk and sugar-coated cereal. Shh . . . got to keep them quiet so they won't wake their mother . . . "Play quietly, Robbie; Scott, don't throw the truck at your brother; you'll wake your Mommy up, and it's still too early." "No you can't hold baby Anne, you're too little, and she's too little . . . Yes it's because of the soft spot on her head . . . Someday it will go away—when she's a big girl. Yes, you're a big boy now. You'll be bigger when you're old like me."

Dress them . . . it's warm . . . matching plaid bathing trunks . . . Anne must be playing with her pink rattle; she sounds happy. I must dress her in the new pink sunsuit when her mother takes the boys on the porch for "big people's time . . ." I hope she doesn't let them have too much coffee—Scott won't like his milk at lunch.

They're so dear and lovable . . . they love me, too, I think—even at bedtime, if I throw them in with a "1—2—3, heave-ho!"

"Mommy's up! Don't run down the steps—you'll fall boom and we used the band-aids all up." Time for Anne . . . so glad she has so many ruffy things. She doesn't complain when I pin the diapers—I wonder why Robbie fusses so about his polo shirt being pulled on . . . He wants to be a big boy—that's it, I guess. Anne doesn't mind—she needs me; she's so helpless . . . such a good baby not to cry when it's her only way of letting me know. I'll check in on her more often when she's in her crib . . . silent . . . listening . . . watching . . . wanting; maybe I can learn to "feel" her wants and needs—I hope she feels my presence; it's such a wonderful feeling when she smiles. Her mother is so happy, so proud . . . no wonder. I guess it's time for her to cuddle Anne, now—I'm only the babysitter . . .

I'm glad the boys like the beach—"I like it too, Robbie, but let's not run; cars are coming; the ocean will wait."

Step on a crack, break your mother's back, step on a crack . . . "No, Scott, not really; your brother's just saying a rhyme. Rhyme? Something like I read you at night when we sit in Daddy's chair when you have 'jamas on and Anne's already in bed. Remember?"

"Yes, like the sea shell one, too—" Buckets and buckets of shells . . . tons and tons of sand to sweep up every day . . . another mile, at least, of walking to find a purple shell for Scott . . . hope we find it before they find someone to fight with about "their" sand territory. Wish they wouldn't topple the Johnsons' castles—they don't own the beach . . . guess that's a hidden need, too. I want to understand . . . I want to understand mine when the time comes . . . when the time comes . . . I want to be the best mother . . . I hope they'll think I'm a wonderful mother, too; I want to be . . . more than an assistant . . . someday . . .

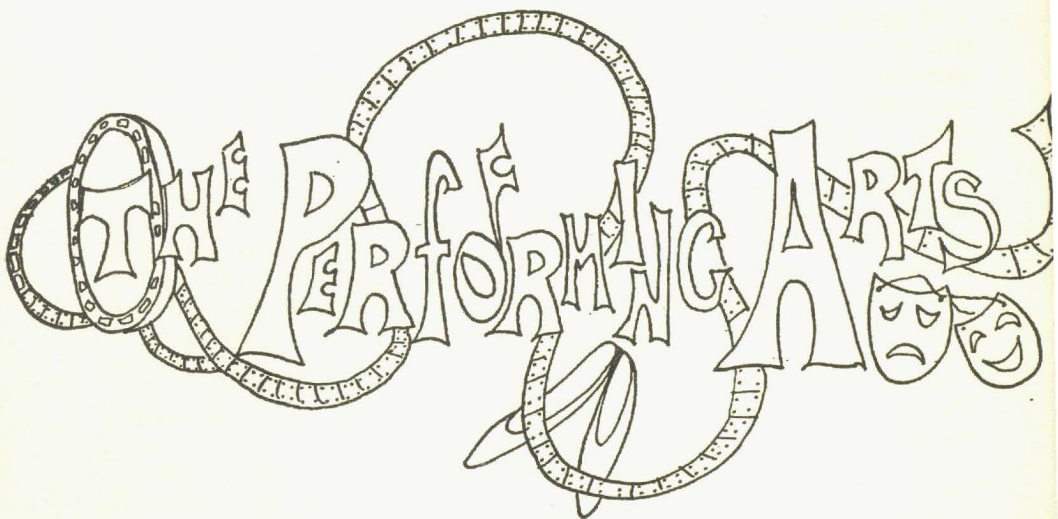


I haven't been keeping track . . . Robbie's hurt . . . he's crying and afraid . . . I'll hold him . . . I wonder if it's a comfort . . . or does he want his mother . . . ? You'll do, his saucer-size watery eyes assure me . . . of course I'll do . . . it'll be okay when I help them with their peanut butter sandwiches salted with sand . . . and they'll kiss me when I put them down for a nap. They'll hug me with fruit-juice-sticky hands and arms and say "t'ank you, Cilla," at snack-time . . . they love me, and they're glad I'm there to help . . . and Anne will gurgle and smile when I powder her and snap her into the softness of pink flannels and tuck her in the crib. They'll finally sleep . . . in peace and contentment . . . when their Mother kisses them goodnight . . .

*Priscilla Barnes*



*Ann Everett*



## The Changing World of Ballet

For any art form to remain of lasting interest to its audience, it must be dynamic. In the mind of the average individual, the word, "ballet", connotes the image of either "Swan Lake", or a Degas painting, both of which are delicate, yet caked with the dust of a past age. Fortunately, however, this association does not give a true picture of the current ballet theatre. During the past fifty years the choreographic art of the ballet has undergone several dramatic changes. The classical and romantic styles of the ballet have been modified by the influence of modern dance, and the result has been a technique known as "modern ballet".

Perhaps the best way of pointing out these different forms which have revitalized the ballet is to draw on examples from the concert presented by the American Ballet Theatre on this campus in March. The company's performance strikingly displayed the blending and assimilation of new techniques on the one hand, and the maintenance of traditional forms on the other.

For example, the traditional romantic school was elegantly represented in the concert in "Les Sylphides", danced to Chopin, and choreographed by Michel Fokine. Although this dance was originally presented in 1908, it provided the audience today with a thrilling spectacle. Fokine is undoubtedly a master of group blocking, and he uses the large "corps de ballet" not only to produce an overall effect of balance and patterned harmony, but also to provide a functional background for the solo artists.

George Balanchine is typical of the experimenter who is still essentially a classicist. The company's presentation of his "Theme and Variations" adequately revealed his innovation with color, especially through the kaleidoscope effects created by the use of grey, yellow, red, purple, and blue costumes.

"Jardin Aux Lilacs", choreographed by Antony Tudor, employs "modern ballet", and is an interesting melange of dance styles



and costumes. In this dance Tudor has mixed street dress with flowing Grecian gowns, and strict traditional ballet attitudes with pantomime. The result is a dance-drama, and Tudor's use of the sustained, motionless tableau before the finale of the piece is an effective means of pointing up tension and heightening the climax of the work.

Finally, "The Combat", choreographed by William Dollar, is an even more striking example of how closely ballet is approaching modern dance, and how very vague the line which separates the two has become. In this particular work, the only factor which distinguishes it from a modern dance lies in the fact that the performers wear shoes. Dollar's choreography is as refreshing as it is powerful. Through strong percussive movements, reinforced by a background which features the kettle drum, the dance takes on a decidedly masculine aura. This tone is necessary to communicate the rugged battle theme effectively.

Thus the ballet undoubtedly has managed to maintain a dynamic quality and only for this reason has it been able to survive as a meaningful art form. Certainly The American Ballet Theatre provides us with a performing company which operates on these principles. Their program is illustrative of the "choreographic revolution" which necessarily broke out in the world of ballet and which has enabled a nineteenth century art form to persist and flourish in the mid-twentieth century.

Pat Hurston

## Wakefield Cycle Revived

The Catholic University's production of four plays of the Wakefield-Towneley cycle this spring demonstrated that the medieval morality drama is not an obsolete form. The plays of *The Creation*, *Noah*, *Abraham* and the *Second Shepherd's Play* have the multiple dynamics of color, emotion and verse of shimmering magic. To dismiss the stories as prosaically traditional would be to laugh at the history of the world. It is their universality which makes the plays contemporary and appealing.

Because the cycles were originally festival liturgical dramas the audiences were worshipers and thus participants. Today a modern audience experiences an equally unreserved participation in the human dramas. In the *Noah* play a traditional legend is injected with a new comic spirit. Noah's wife, a lovable, crochety complainer, protests against the lengthy sojourn in a boat by starting a fist-fight with her "topper" of a mate. In a different tone, the *Abraham and Isaac* play is infused with the profundity of family tragedy, the tragedy of a father under an over-riding obligation to slay his son. There is acute perception of the nearness of kinship between the slayer and the slain.

The highlight of the performance is the *Second Shepherd's Play*, once acclaimed as the first English comedy. It is the farce of Mak, the sheepstealer, and his bumpkin shepherd friends, who come to see the birth of Christ. The play is a poetic progression from winter sorrow and death to the joyful rebirth. The first



shepherd's monologue is a protest against the oppression of weather and wealth. There is conveyed an impression of a winter world in which life-energies that unite everything begin to fail. In religious terms this scene pre-figures the final end and ruin of the world before Advent.

Jollity strangely envelopes the play. Mak steals a sheep and disguises it in cloth and cradle, pretending that the bundle is his wife Gyll's baby. The discovery by the three shepherds of the stolen sheep in the cradle is a kind of mock nativity, for the new-born Christ comes to be adored by the same shepherds.

What the dewill is this? he has a long snoute

I never sagh in a credyll

A hornyd lad or now.

Finally the infant God is found in a cradle between two beasts.

In a cryb full poorely,

Betwyx two bestys.

The mockery is not scepticism. The "hornyd lad" is reference to the horned God, the goat or sheep of medieval English worship. The dead sheep in the cradle indicated death and birth in their age-old association.

The boisterousness as a whole, culminating in the tossing of Mak in a blanket, is merely a manifestation of the joy of rebirth as it overcomes winter death. Mak, the allegorical regenerate Adam who is saved by Christ's birth, is the farce which contributes to the total complex harmony of joy. The toss, not death, is the worst thing that happens, like the Christmas game that it is.

The listener is attuned to the play as he is to life. The fusion of comedy and tragedy is, like life, inextricably double-grained in texture. Verse and drama are attention-getting because they are both parts of the familiar cosmic ritual of life.

Jolie Duesberry

## The Miracle Worker

The supreme desire of man to communicate, and having done so, to then be understood, is a theme which appeals to audiences of all cultures and times. During the recent production of *The Miracle Worker* by the Mary Washington Players, the audience was tightly drawn into the drama as they anticipated Helen Keller's success in attaining joy of expression.

Although there are certain advantages in a production which contains such emotional appeal, the director must constantly be aware of the possibility of producing a sentimental melodrama and the risk of creating dissatisfaction in the audience. This is particularly applicable to *The Miracle Worker* due to the technical problems which the author fails to overcome.

Two of the most striking of these weaknesses are the flash-back scenes dealing with Annie Sullivan's relationship to her dead brother and the frail sub-plot concerning James Keller's emancipation from the influence of his father. Throughout the play the characters are taught how to act maturely in much the same manner that Annie teaches Helen how to behave in a civilized world.



Thus James finally learns to command his father's respect and Annie herself realizes the futility of her remorse over Jimmie's death.

However, Gibson never attempts to delve beneath the surface of this general learning situation. He fails to penetrate into the deeper motivations of the characters and depends largely upon the emotional involvement of the audience in order to assure the success of his play.

Despite these criticisms, *The Miracle Worker* was a definite hit on Broadway and as an independent production as was presented on campus. Although it cannot be considered a great dramatic work, neither can one deny the enjoyment and satisfaction which it offers to the susceptible audience.

Natalie Tulloch

### ★ ★ ★ Catch a Shooting Star

The tinny music from the radio blared through the summer cottage, poured from the open windows, and bounced off the eyeless faces of the cold, white stars. It was a warm August night, too warm for this time of year in Maine, and the milling couples, trying to ignore the heat, dotted the porches and the lawn beyond. Some danced, slowly so as not to stir up the air, others walked hand in hand along the lake side, catching the occasional whisper of the offshore breeze, and still others hid from the moon under the shadows.

Two people emerged from the cottage, a great hulk of a man and an average-looking silhouette. The former stumbled disconnectedly toward the flagpole in the backyard, heaving an empty beer bottle onto the neighboring plot of land. It landed with a thud and was instantly forgotten.

The girl was following closely, yet maintaining a disinterested distance, mute. The leading figure stopped beside the pole and stared vacantly at the lake.

"You don't like me," he declared for the sixth time in fifteen minutes. "Nobody likes me."

She listened patiently. He was drunk. Had been since he had called for her at Barbara's.

"I didn't say I didn't like you. You haven't given me a chance to decide one way or the other." She looked up at the blond mass unflinchingly.

"You don't have to say it. I know it," he continued.

"Assumptions," she replied. She was bored.

"You didn't want to go out in the first place," he whined.

"If I hadn't wanted to go out, I wouldn't have accepted." That was the best she could say and still be honest. Sure, she had wanted the blind date, but she hadn't anticipated this.

"This is the first date I've had in six weeks," he repeated again, feeling sorry for himself.

The girl ignored him and stared at the black horizon. The breeze caught her red-brown hair, blowing it across her cheek, and she pushed it behind her ear.

"I make you sick, don't I?"

"You keep trying to convince me," she mumbled under her breath.

"Then what's the matter?" he boomed menacingly.

She wasn't afraid of him. Why should anyone fear a child throwing a temper tantrum? Ironically enough, he was more afraid of her. Afraid she would sense his vulnerability.

"Let's just say I'm annoyed."

"Why? At what? I haven't bothered you!" He cut loose with a string of abuses at her, at the world, at anything he could think of, but she did not react because she didn't want to laugh at him. Always playing the role, apparently afraid of losing his sense of manhood without it.

"No," she replied, "you haven't, and I appreciate that. But I don't particularly care for people to push my friends around, and you have already, twice." She pauses momentarily. "And you know what I mean."

His mind focused on the interior of the cottage an hour earlier. He was standing, his hand raised from having slapped the girl in the yellow blouse across the face. The exact circumstances were lost in a fuzz of beer and Fritos. The scene shifted in his mind, and he saw himself tossing a can of beer all over some blond's head, and he wondered why he had done it.

He lurched away from her, snapping his thoughts back to the present. Her eyes had been riveted on him during his digression, and he knew his move was only to get out of the direct line of their perception. He stopped after about three paces and stood like a wilted dandelion, exhausted, his shoulders slumped forward, his head hanging dejectedly. She wondered if he was going to pass out but leaned against the flagpole instead of going over to see if he was all right.

The mass slowly turned and stalked back to her, his index finger extended, pointing. "You know what you are? You're nothing but a God-damned martyr!" His voice sounded screechy and desperate in the night air, and the rhythm of the words syncopated nicely with the throb of the radio. "Go on back in the house. I don't want you around."

"I'm no martyr," she replied simply.

He couldn't face her, so he spun around abruptly and started walking down the beach, mumbling mechanically. "You don't want to go out with me. Nobody ever wants to go out with me." He looked to see if she was still there. "Go on back in the house," he screamed and strode onto the strip of sand by the water's edge.

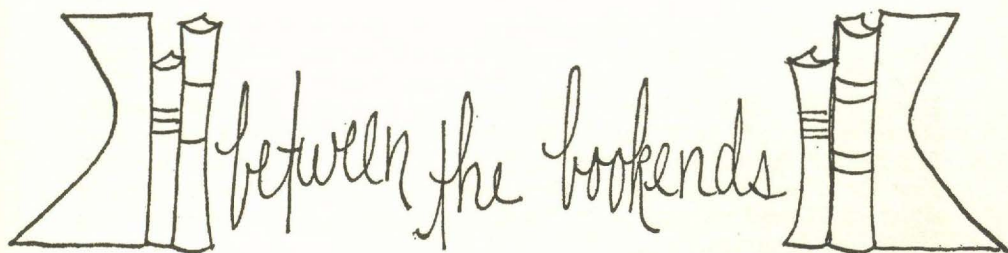
She leaned against the flagpole and watched. The breeze was cool, and she didn't want to go inside. Besides, somehow she felt compelled to watch where he went so he wouldn't hurt himself. He was making his way along the beach and had stopped to talk to a cluster of couples. They were laughing, and she wondered what they were talking about. Then his white shirt moved on, down towards the water. She held her breath in anticipation as she lost sight of him behind the rocks, but a few minutes later, she saw the familiar splotch of white make its way back. He passed without looking at her and went into the house.



She remained by the flagpole and sat on the ground watching the stars. She had fulfilled her obligation. He was safely in the house.

The screen door slammed, and she looked up. It was he again. She wearily got to her feet, her eyes glued on his. "Six feet three inches of egotism, one hundred eighty pounds of conceit," she thought as he strode toward her and grabbed her in a bear hug, pressing her closer to him. She clenched her teeth and prepared to defend herself until she felt his shoulders heave and his tears quietly dampen her cheek.

Pat Hurston



### That Summer in Paris

*That Summer in Paris* by Morley Callaghan 287 pp.  
New York, Coward-McCann Co., 1963

Most of them are gone now—that restless group that fled from the influence of an affluent America to the enchanted city of Paris. Fitzgerald was among the first to drop out of sight, and during the past few years Hemingway, Cummings, William Carlos Williams and most of the lesser known expatriots of the 1920's have died of both natural and violent causes.

With their deaths came an increasing sense of that unusual and irretrievable era which had been formed by these young literary genii. Now that they are no longer present to recount the tales of those days when *Ulysses*, *The Sun Also Rises* and *The Great Gatsby* were first being published, their contemporaries have shown a tendency to chronicle their personalities in context to the atmosphere of post-war Paris.

A typical example of this trend is a recent book by Morley Callaghan, *That Summer in Paris*. The death of Ernest Hemingway in 1960 prompted him to reconstruct their friendship and also those of Fitzgerald and Robert MacAlmon during the spring and summer of 1929.

These last few months before the depression swept both Europe and America was a time of calm before storm. Callaghan had just begun to publish his own novels and went to Paris to join the society which seemed irresistibly to attract him. The pride which he obviously felt in being admitted to the intellectual life of the "Quarter" colors his attitude even at this date as he relates the

anecdotes which he considers to be characteristic of the set. Although his comments are of interest to a student of the period, the total worth of the work is diminished considerably by the impression that much of what Callaghan has written is motivated by an attempt to boost his personal reputation due to his early associations in Paris.

Natalie Tulloch

## The Fire Next Time

*The Fire Next Time*. By James Baldwin. 120 pp.

*New Yorker*: The Dial Press. \$3.50.

James Baldwin, the Negro author of *Notes of a Native Son*, has just published a new compilation of essays under the title, *The Fire Next Time*. This volume consists of two essays, "My Dungeon Shook: Letter to My Nephew on the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Emancipation" and "Letter From a Region of My Mind" from the November, 1962 edition of the *New Yorker*. For the ideas expressed in these articles Baldwin draws heavily upon childhood memories in Harlem and current problems of the Negro in America.

*The Fire Next Time* is an account of the author's adolescence in Harlem, his days as a teenage Negro preacher, and his never-ending struggle against the junkies and pimps who tried to lure him into their world.

An escape from the ugliness and disappointment the Negro encounters in the white world is offered by the Black Muslims, a highly fascist group. At first glance, the Black Muslims seem to be a satisfactory solution for the Negro because Elijah Mohammed and his followers substitute a black god for the white one, proclaim the superiority of the Negro, and uphold his rights in a black-hating world. Baldwin believes that the Black Muslims, however, are not the solution to the predicament. He feels that the religion of the Black Muslims and the religion of the Christians are no different, no less dangerous than the narcotics the junky holds out to the young adolescent.

Baldwin is a Negro, writing as a Negro, not a man assimilated into the white culture. His subjectivity is evident, for his hatred, resentment, and fear of all whites is manifested in the indication that their faults are inherited genetic characteristics—arguments similar to that advanced by some whites in reference to the Negro.

Baldwin utilizes the Black Muslim movement as the extreme expression of hostility toward the American white but prophecies that this uprising is merely an equalizing force, thereby using this movement as a vehicle to analyze the Negro's attitude toward the racial problem. Although Baldwin condemns Christianity, he nevertheless believes that a broad religious faith is the only solution and reaffirms a belief in the basic goodness of all men. Through this goodness he hopes that the evils of prejudice can be eliminated.

Carolyn Hawker



## Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters and Seymour, An Introduction

*Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters and Seymour, An Introduction.* By J. D. Salinger. 248 pp.

Boston: Little Brown and Co. \$4.00.

Here it is—another by Salinger! This review is directed particularly to those who are waiting patiently, or not so patiently, for the paper back edition. This most recent Salinger compilation is principally concerned with Seymour Glass, that amazingly adroit personality who was introduced earlier in "A Perfect Day for Banana Fish" (*Nine Short Stories*). After reading the laconic story of Seymour's suicide one is curious to know more about this particular member of the Glass family. In the later *Franny and Zooey*, his erudite elusiveness came through loud and clear in Zen and Taoist terms over some one-hundred-odd pages of a telephone conversation between Zooey and Franny, who inevitably learns the secret of life. Yet none of these insights satisfies Salinger's readers as to why his all-wise reader has killed himself.

The mystery is still not solved by Salinger's new series of incidents and analyses. In "Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters," the first half of the volume, Buddy Glass describes Seymour's wedding day. It is an unbearably hot day in June during war time. The guests are all assembled and the organ plays, and plays, and plays. The clock ticks and ticks—where is the groom? No one seems to know! A parade halts the procession grimly returning to the bride's home, and Buddy Glass entertains some of the guests of the bride at his apartment. They drink Tom Collinses and discuss the seemingly schizoid personality of the absent groom, while Buddy sits on the bath tub reading Seymour's diary. A telephone call is made to the bride's house, but she does not answer. It is then revealed that Seymour had been "too happy" to come to the wedding, so he made a belated appearance and the couple eloped! That's the end of the afternoon and the end of the story.

The second story, "Seymour, An Introduction," is a series of incidents and physical notations concerning our principal character. It is written in semi-diary form and reveals as much about the narrator—once again Salinger's alter ego, Buddy Glass—as it does about his brother Seymour. The descriptions are very lengthy, as Buddy readily admits, and are filled with various interpolations of whatever comes to mind to divert Seymour's admirer from his task. When we get to the end, we know that Seymour is a prodigy child and a prodigy adult and that he has a big nose, rather kinky hair and brown eyes. He writes Haiku and is extremely adept at tennis and curb marbles. That is hardly enough! Come on, Salinger. Let's see some action from your hero! Let this giant of a man speak for himself.

Lang Scruggs

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Priscilla Barnes, a sophomore from Tenaflly, New Jersey, is a French major. This is her first appearance in *The Epaulet*. ★ Judith Burkholder, a senior from Falls Church, Virginia, is a Philosophy major. This is her first appearance in *The Epaulet*. ★ Susan Cortes, a junior from Scotch Plains, New Jersey, is a Pre-Foreign Service major. This is her first appearance in *The Epaulet*. ★ Jolie Duesberry, a freshman from Richmond, Virginia, is a French major. This is her first appearance in *The Epaulet*. ★ Peggy Hall, a senior from Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, is a Drama major. This is her second appearance in *The Epaulet*. ★ Carolyn Hawker, a junior from Oak Hill, Virginia, is an Art major. This is her first contribution to the literary section. ★ Patricia Hurston, a junior from Washington, D. C., is a Philosophy major. She has appeared in the magazine several times. ★ Susan Jonas, a junior from New York, is an English major. This is her first appearance in the magazine. ★ Patricia Lane, a junior from Aberdeen, Maryland, is a Philosophy major. She has appeared in the magazine before. ★ Natalie Pope, a sophomore from Fort Story, Virginia, is an English major. This is her first appearance in the magazine. ★ Lang Scruggs, a junior Drama major from Lynchburg, Virginia, has appeared in the magazine before. ★ Natalie Tulloch, a junior English major from Arlington, Virginia, is making her first appearance in the magazine. ★ Cynthia Whittaker, a senior from Pompton Plains, New Jersey, is making her first appearance in the magazine. ★ Betsy Evans, a senior Art major from Upper Montclair, New Jersey, has contributed art work before. ★ Ann Everett, a sophomore from Richmond, Virginia, appears in the magazine for the first time. ★ Abigail Donald, a sophomore from Richmond, Virginia, is making her first appearance in the magazine.



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